**Rebel**

*- Pangrams and ASCII Art*

I’m not sure who suggested Typing.

I do remember it being thought of

as an essential skill for a girl

lacking academic potential. Perhaps that was why

I was always letting myself down:

unable to reach forty words per minute

let alone sixty, hopeless at sitting

with feet flat, one leg slightly forward.

I can hear Miss Finley now - *correct positions!*

glaring at me over the Sherman Imperial.

If I could have concentrated I’m sure

I would have remembered *Dear Mr Jones*

closed with *sincerely* not *faithfully,*

(particularly the small *s*), I’d have sent

‘the quick brown fox jumping over that flaming lazy dog’

rather than a crazy frog, and possibly

enjoyed Christmas cards ‘for fun’.

All those Xs in agonizing alignment -

a snowman, or a cute reindeer

or a spruce tree decorated with red O baubles

- that’s O as in Oh! not 0 as in zero.

Mine always looked like a game of Jacks

or a machine gun attack, and I can tell you now

in fact I’m sure Miss Finley knew,

I typed Rudolph’s nose with a capital R.

In black. On purpose.